

# Bloomfield Gazette.

WM. P. LYON, A. M.,  
CHAS. M. DAVIS, A. M., } Editors.

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells  
In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."—COWPER.

FORTNIGHTLY.

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## Bloomfield Gazette.

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### To our Home Writers.

We shall be happy to devote a column or more on this page to ORIGINAL STORIES, if offered of sufficient merit to interest our readers. We invite contributions for this department. Articles not accepted will be returned to writers when so requested. When not supplied with Original Stories, we shall be glad to occupy the same space with interesting narrative of travel from some of our traveled townsmen. We hope we shall receive articles of this character.—EDITORS.

### Incidents of the War of 1812.

While in Scotland in 1842, I spent a few days with an estimable old gentleman, living near Edinburgh, by the name of Capt. Purvis. He expressed himself as very desirous of visiting the United States. He remarked that he was once on the shores of America, under peculiar circumstances, which he related.

By the treaty stipulations at Ghent in 1815, each Government was required to send home the prisoners it had taken, and England chartering a ship, of which he was the mate, to bring back to the United States between five and six hundred prisoners.

They sailed from Liverpool, with sealed orders not to be opened until they had passed out of the Irish channel into the ocean, and when opened, it was found their orders were to land their passengers at Norfolk, and then proceed to Richmond and take in a load of cotton and return. As soon as the passengers learned that fact, they went to the captain, and remonstrated against being set on shore three or four hundred miles from their homes. Some were sick, all moneyless, and many in rags. They requested the captain to land them at New York, but he replied that he could not do otherwise than obey orders. The passengers then had a meeting, appointed officers from their number to man the ship, set aside the officers, took charge, and steered for New York. While nearing that port, there came on a storm, and they put into New London harbor, where all the passengers went on shore. Next day nearly all of them went down on board of the ship, every one dressed out from head to foot with a new suit, given them by the citizens of New London. The ship's crew were so elated with the circumstances that every one deserted the ship, except the captain and himself. The captain was obliged to go to New York to get sailors to navigate the ship home.

Bloomfield, Sept. 10, 1872.

[No introduction is needed to the following most unexpected but gratifying letter.]

New York, Sept. 10, 1872.

MESSES. EDITORS.—I am delighted with the appearance of your new paper. Its prepossessing face, and enterprising spirit, and many tones, and modest manner, must win their way. I like the title GAZETTE, taken by the first newspaper published in Venice and sold for a "gazette," a coin worth about three farthings, and hence the name. The first newspaper published in New York, in 1725, was called the New York Gazette. If you should look into the historical records, turn over the yellow sheets of some of the newspapers of a hundred years ago, and contrast the same with the attractive appearance of the Bloomfield GAZETTE, you would be struck with the evidence of progress in paper, type, style, and everything.

My first acquaintance with Bloomfield began with the meeting of the Synod of New York and New Jersey, in October, 1851. An acquaintance which was then formed in the hospitable homes to which I was introduced, has ripened into cherished friendships, and I always revisit Bloomfield with pleasure. Bloomfield in 1851, was a quiet, secluded, country village, and quite a seat of learning, its seminaries of high character and well sustained. Rev. George Duffield was the pastor of the church then. Rev. Dr. James W. McLane was the Moderator of the Synod that year. It was during the sessions at that time, that tidings came to the Synod, of the death of good old Dr. Archibald Alexander, and appropriate action was taken thereon. It was also at the same time, that an accident occurred to a member of Mr. Duffield's family, which

nearly proved fatal. And I think I have heard that there is a tradition in that family, that but for the prayers of the Synod, which were fervently offered on his behalf, the life of a little boy would have gone out forever. That little boy is now Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, and doing good service for Christ and his Church.

I like the way the Editors have shown their "hands" and their names. One name suggesting the patriotic associations of a little hamlet in the suburbs of Newark, and also recalling its leonine descent, and making me wish that the GAZETTE may become the "lion" of the day, and enjoy the "lion's share" of patronage and favor. And the other name inseparably associated with that of the good Deacon, who prayed up the walls of the Presbyterian Church, which have stood for so many years as a tower of strength, and a refuge of peace.

I like your clearly pronounced sentiments and declaration of principles and aims. "Principles not men," used to be the motto of the old Courier and Enquirer, and in these days, we need often to be reminded of the inestimable value of principle, if we would have a true manhood, a pure society, and an honest government. I believe the BLOOMFIELD GAZETTE will prove a valuable agency in the promulgation of truth, and a strong support to the cause of education, virtue and humanity, and I bid it God-speed, with all my heart.

### Our Common Roads.

MESSES. EDITORS.—The suburbs of Newark are improving so rapidly that I take the liberty of saying one word respecting our Common Roads. There are few things that more clearly mark the degree of civilization and enterprise of a community than the condition of its roads. There is no doubt that a good road costs more at the outset than an ordinary one; but take a term of years, and no one can deny that a good road, cost what it may, is the more economical. It is a positive saving in money and cost of repairs, but it is a greater economy in the wear and tear of vehicles and horse-flesh. The heaviest part of our road tax is levied upon us in this indirect way. It is a tax which, though it does not pass through the hands of the collector, is in fact levied upon every box of goods, every bag of grain, and every person that passes over the road. Some of our Townships spend money enough, no doubt, but in many cases it is misapplied. In every town a competent Engineer should be employed to fix the grades of all the streets and avenues. This is the first step towards a good system of streets. Such an engineer has the gathered and recorded experience of all the past; he sees at a glance anything in the subsoil which may make it unfit for a road-bed; he knows how to remedy any defects in the soil; he can lay out the drainage, and calculate the requisite size of culverts and bridges, grade drains, and meet a thousand of the practical problems which must be encountered in the construction and maintenance of a good road. The position of road master should be permanent—that is when a competent and faithful person is obtained to superintend the roads—he ought not to be subject to the caprice or whim of an annual popular election; he should act under the Township Committee, who, having the responsibility upon them, can judge more intelligently of his plans than the mass of the people. Without continual repairs there can be no constantly good roads, and he should, if necessary, give his entire time to the repair and construction of the roads. Constant and intelligent supervision is the only true method, and it is the cheapest in the end. By the system of annual repairs, so common among us, or by semi-annual attentions, we have a good road at no time of the year. Every one knows that a road is wretched enough just after such repairs as are then needed, that it becomes a little better as it is used, and that it soon rapidly grows worse again till it is as bad as before. The best roads in ancient times were made with a surface as much like solid rock as possible. The Chinese roads were made of large blocks of solid granite, laid on the most solid foundations. A few years since I traveled over some of them, and was surprised to find them in so good condition. McAdam invented the method of having no large stones at all in the road, but of having them all pounded into small angular fragments, and spread over the surface of the road-bed, and without rolling or the use of any binding material. That method, though quite popular at one time, has long since been superseded, having been proved to be inferior, though it is still often adopted and applied by incompetent road-makers. To make a McAdam road the surface material is dumped directly on the ground, without preparing a solid foundation of rough stone. This cannot result in a good and lasting road. The Telford road, which is now admitted to be the best, is a modification of the McAdam, by the addition of a solid foundation of stone, with McAdam for the top surface, with sufficient gravel for binding, solidly rolled and compacted of sufficient incli-

nation to secure effective drainage. Who is there that has not seen many a road completely ruined by scraping out the side ditches and throwing the wash of the roads, the side loam and sand, into the centre of the driveway? It is the most miserable, inefficient and lazy way of attempting repairs. The first great rain either washes it back again, or turns it into mud, to annoy the passing traveler, while a drought grinds it down into the finest dust, which is equally offensive. Every thing like loam or common earth, organic matter or sand, should be kept from the road-bed. A road thoroughly drained is comparatively dry at all seasons of the year, the wear of the surface is greatly diminished, and the cost of material for repairs reduced. The action of the frost upon such a road is greatly diminished also, and the annual breaking up of the surface prevented. The old Romans not only understood how to make roads better, but actually made them, parts of which still remain in a condition better than most of the roads in the vicinity of Newark at the present time, notwithstanding all the ages of travel over them, the neglect of men, and the ravages of time; and yet here we are, towards the close of the nineteenth century, driving and hauling loads through mud and ruts, through sloughs, and over rocky hills, and boasting at the same time of our progress in civilization and refinement! W. C. R.

### A Letter from Newark.

MESSES. EDITORS.—Although not residing in Bloomfield, I hope I may be permitted to congratulate your town on a new undertaking so indicative of enterprise as the establishment of a newspaper. The editors, too, certainly deserve congratulation on the beautiful dress and appearance of the sheet. I do not doubt that the value of a paper in promoting local interests will soon be so manifested as to insure its permanence and more frequent issue. It should at least be weekly, that its news may be fresh enough to have interest.

As an instance of the importance of a means of bringing to the knowledge of all, the projects and improvements in which all are interested, I would call attention to one item in your first No. It is the statement that the new Gas Co. have bought land upon the Canal for their works. This site is probably below the plane, and so in a position to do no injury. But there is one relation of the Morris Canal to Bloomfield which may soon be so developed as to show the importance of protecting its water from any poisonous admixture.

Some years ago the Morris Canal Co. offered to supply the city of Newark, and also the surrounding villages, with the fine pure water of the lakes and streams forming the supply of the Canal. The proposal was to deliver the water into main pipes at the head of Bloomfield plane; and conveying it in close pipes, that "head" would be retained in Newark, and be sufficient for all purposes in the highest parts of Newark.

Newark has made other provision, inferior in the quality of the water, and at much greater expense. But Bloomfield has that advantage still within reach. It now depends on wells, and no doubt at present has good water. But as population increases and the town is more closely built up, the drainage, cess pools, sinks, etc., will gradually injure the water of the wells. A supply for fire purposes will also become indispensable. From what source can water be obtained for Bloomfield with sufficient head, of so pure a quality, and so cheaply, as from the Canal? Independent of the greater purity of the fountain, the gathered impurities of a canal are much less than those of a river. Is it not worth while for Bloomfield to guard the Canal, at least above the plane, from impurities, so far as it is possible to do so? This may still be a question of importance even to

NEWARK.

### The East Orange Library Association Building.

Our enterprising citizens have already begun excavating for the erection of a brick edifice for their Library Building, which is to be of the "Perpendicular Renaissance" style, faced with Calaburg brick.

The main building is to be 50 x 75 feet, three stories high, with an extension in rear 17 x 24 feet, carried up same height. The first floor will contain two commodious stories, fronting on Main street, two offices fronting on Grove street, with reading-room, library, and directors' room in rear, opening off entrance hall.

The second story contains a hall 47 x 72 feet, without any columns or other obstruction. This hall will be handsomely corniced, well lighted, thoroughly ventilated, and capable of seating at least seven hundred people.

The third story to have two lodge rooms, with the necessary ante and reception rooms, closets, etc. Mr. H. Lamb, of Newark, is the architect. The Directors of the Association are:—Geo.

D. Woodruff, President; William P. Parker, Chairman of Building Committee; Jotham E. Hedden, John J. King, Aaron P. Mitchell, D. C. Whitman, Oliver Libby, Jno. W. Russell, and Samuel I. Adams.

The cost will not exceed \$23,000, and the building is to be completed by the 15th of March next.

East Orange, Sept. 6, 1872.

### A Letter to a New Yorker.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., Aug. 20, 1872.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—You challenged me to write you after we had proved the country a sufficient length of time. Well, I suppose nearly two years will be considered long enough for a pretty fair trial; and that the verdict we now give should be a satisfactory proof of our opinions in regard to it.

After many years residence in the most desirable part of the city, I confess I was not without misgivings myself as to the results of the trial. But to make the test more thorough we decided, you know, contrary to the usual practice, to make our removal in the Autumn, and our first night in our new home was the 30th of November!

In a house just completed, with the grounds still in disorder and unfenced, the prospect was not the most cheering. The winter was right upon us, preventing any attempts to improve the out-door surroundings. Within, to be sure, we had, after getting settled, all that could be desired for comfort and enjoyment.

Beyond our borders—with churches, schools, post-office, stores and markets quite near enough, city papers at an early hour in the morning, a live literary society and well-supplied reading-room, within easy walking distance, and an admirable course of weekly lectures by distinguished gentlemen and Miss Anna Dickinson; to which I should add an occasional soiree in good society, (not shabby nor mere fashion, but refined and cultured)—with these things, how could the winter pass otherwise than delightfully?

Then, of course, we were on the spot, and feeling at home when the Spring opened, we were quite ready to improve, and understand how and where to begin and improve our grounds to the best advantage. We also knew how to appreciate and enjoy—and what felicity of enjoyment!—the gradual transformation of nature from her beggarly winter dress and her unhouse-d out-of-door condition, to become clothed in most varied and gorgeous apparel, with tasteful adornment of beautiful and fragrant flowers, and with more than princely carpets, spread without limit in every direction, for the feet of her guests.

We were, of course, favorably situated. Our residence stands in a fine position, commanding charming and extensive views.

It lacked nothing of City convenience but gas, which we have learned to do without, and to be quite reconciled to it too, since we can have a better light at greatly reduced expense, with only the additional trouble of taking care of the lamps. But even this is to be reformed upon, and we shall have gas soon, when we shall doubtless take to it very naturally again.

This letter is long enough, but I will write you soon again, for I want to describe some of the scenes and attractions of this lovely village. Meanwhile, I am proud to sign myself affectionately, your Country Cousin.

HAROLD BARK.

### Two Months in Ruraldom.

BY DOCTOR BLANK.

WHEN the dog starrages and Sol pours his ardent rays upon our heated earth, then prudence whispers in our ears: close up your houses, take your family along—the dear little children, those tender tendrils binding us to earth, those sweetest blossoms so often withered. Seek the shady bower, the pure air of the country, the rippling rill and the clear flowing water, refreshing ear, man and beast alike. Our two last months have shown us many such prudent people in our time-honored place. But all can not leave! Providence has not so favored all, that the expense and burden of the watering-place can be easily borne. We need a cheaper luxury, within the reach of all. Such a place we have found. The problem has been solved, how we could find health, happiness, rational enjoyment, and not spend a fortune to accomplish our object. The State is New Jersey, a State often belied; but, nevertheless, one of the best and purest of our glorious Union. The special location is the Valley of the Raritan, one of the choicest spots of Somerset County. The building is ample, an old-fashioned farm-house, built when people had capacious, genial souls, and knew that the wants of the body were largely connected with rational enjoyment. In the numerous family here assembled, were refined ladies, real mothers, with their several children,

the waiters were light-hearted, happy colored folks. The best of servants, the most faithful of attendants. Behold those fifteen or twenty children, swimming, jumping, laughing, shouting in the water! Really the older ones, the staid mothers themselves, could not resist—soon they had their bathing suits on and childhood's happy days were again renewed. The lords of creation arrived on Saturdays. Then, happy wives, laughing, healthy, buoyant children welcomed the weary, worn-out men, who quickly fall into the same current of happiness. A sweet, Christian Sabbath brings hours of peaceful quietness, delightful rest, joyous songs, and sincerest thanksgivings ascend from grateful hearts.

Creature comforts never failed. Several cows distilled the health-giving lacteal in abundance, without the croton adjunct. Butter, rich, sweet, and yellow, was spread upon the nicest homemade bread. Fruits of all kinds in season, benignly given for summer months, when meat is not needed much. Berries, with the delights of picking them, peaches, apples, plums and pears, melons and fresh vegetables in plentiful supply, with chickens, lambs, etc., as required.

Do you wonder they added nearly a pound a day to their weight! Carpets were not very plenty, but healthy, well-scrubbed bare floors. Feather beds—none—but straw mattresses upon camp cots. Each person provided his own ottoman, or borrowed the green seat which nature furnished. A two-horse load of furniture and a few well-filled trunks, made over forty people comfortable, perhaps I should say, supremely happy. Wise people of Bloomfield and of the city, next summer try the experiment, and I am confident that your verdict will be the same as ours.

### The Electric Telegraph.

To the majority of people the manner in which communications are forwarded by the Electric Telegraph, from one place to another, is a profound mystery. Without going into minute details, I will endeavor to give a general description of the manner in which the art is conducted.

In the first place, the electricity will always seek an equilibrium; in the second, there are certain substances that have a greater conducting power than others; while copper or iron have a certain conducting power, glass has none. By means of these the electric current can be conveyed or arrested at the will of the operator. Mr. William Sturgeon, of London, discovered in 1825 that when a bar of soft iron was placed within a coil of conducting wires, it was rendered magnetic, and would so remain as long as the current of electricity passed through the wires. The telegraph is simply two of these magnets connected by a wire of any number of miles in length; and is operated by directing through it a current from an electric battery. To produce this current, it is necessary that each end of the wire should communicate with the ground. The interruption is caused by stopping this communication. To preserve that current it must be confined absolutely to the wire in use, and must not come into contact with any substance that can take away the electricity. Accordingly the wire is strung upon the tops of poles; and as glass is the best non-conductor available, a small knob of this material is firmly fixed to a wooden bracket nailed to the pole. The telegraph wire is fastened to this knob by a piece of ordinary wire. In this way the insulation of the line is kept nearly perfect. The leakage even then on a long line is considerable, so that in extremely wet weather, in some instances, only a small part of the current that starts out reaches the distant station. In our next number we shall endeavor to give some interesting statistics in connection with the discovery and utilization of this powerful element. K.

### Improvements.

MR. EDITOR.—Allow me, through your columns, to say a word in favor of our Town Committee. The various improvements under their supervision, show that they do not intend that our beautiful village shall be behind the age; the march of improvement has taken rapid strides during the past summer. Let the people themselves see the importance of these improvements, and make the proper application to the Committee, and in a short time we shall be able to pass, dry shod, through most of our town.

SIDE WALK.

There are 6,312 children in Elizabeth, N. J., of a suitable age to attend school.

log hut, in a sequestered valley far up among the mountains of Rockland, near the same place he was born and raised, as the country phrase has it. His father-

tible or superstitious mind seemed to forebode some impending evil, though she knew not what. Perhaps she apprehended she might never see her home again. But

this stormy night it would of course be obscurely dark and frightfully dismal. Moreover, wild beasts not unfrequently made their appearance in the mountains, carry-

A careful examination soon revealed to these practical mountaineers the true state of the case, and also suggested to them what should be done. Two were to

In the march of life, don't head the order of "right about," when you know you are about right.—Holmes.

pare with Colorado, or, for that matter, with any Western territory. The mean height of the Alps is from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea. The mean height of